

No 6 Cushing St.,
Providence, M^o 9. 91

My Dear Watson,

I think I can safely affirm that between Mr Bennett and myself the plants will be named.

Send them on; we will be only too happy to help you to the best of our ability.

But how about Mr Henny? Will he think our authentication carries the weight of Cambridge infallibility? Please tell him yourself that they are sent to us. The 22^d not found me sitting under the shade of my 146th milestone (more ample - I mean the shade - than the umbrage of a Northern telegraph pole). Yes! I am medicinal - and now look -

How natural seems your
old quill! The sound of
It has ere now nearly
driven me to huri-kari.

Oh, for a renaissance, Dear
me! my precious toy, my
gold-headed - will be light
next month, and the second-
-fun is over fire.

Is Goobale trying to
stretch on the antipodal side
of the ball? And how are
you your ain-sel? I am
myself "indifferent honest," but
I am not what I once was.

We are getting up a bot-
anic museum here, Any
seeds, fruits, dungs, fibres,
cones, wood-sections, send on,
we will love you thereof.

My wife and dearest
Lavinia are well.

Your friend ever
W. Whitman Bailey